

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 118.

The Principles of Nature.

EXPLANATIONS OF SWEDENBORG.

EXTRACT FROM "HEAVEN AND HELL," PAGES 82, 83.

"It has been shown to me how the Lord appears as a sun in the angels in the celestial kingdom in their first state, how in the second, and how in the third. The Lord was seen as a sun, at first red and glittering in such splendor that it can not be described: it was said that the Lord as a sun appears such to the angels in their first state. Afterward there was seen a great obscure belt around the sun, by means of which the first red and glittering appearance, from which it shone so much, began to grow dull: it was said that the sun appears so to them in the second state. Then the belt seemed to grow more obscure, and the sun thence to seem less glowing, and thus by degrees, until at length it became as white: it was said that the sun appears so to them in the third state. Afterward this white orb was seen to proceed to the left, toward the moon, of heaven, and to add itself to her light, from which the moon shone forth beyond its usual brightness: it was said that this was the fourth state to those who are in the celestial kingdom, and the first to those who are in the spiritual kingdom, and that the changes of state in each kingdom thus alternate in turns, yet not in the whole, but in one society after another; also, that those turns are not stated, but come upon them later or sooner without their knowing it. They said further, that the sun is not so changed in itself, nor does it so advance, but that still it appears so according to the successive progressions of states with them; since the Lord appears to every one according to the quality of his state, thus glowing to them when they are in intense love, less glowing, and at length white, when the love decreases; and that the quality of their state was represented by the obscure belt, which induced upon the sun those apparent variations as to flame and light.

"When the angels are in the last state, which is when they are in their *proprium*, they begin to become sad. I have spoken with them when they were in that state, and have seen the sadness; but they said that they were in hope soon to return to the *pristine* state, and thus, as it were, again into heaven; for it is heaven for them to be withheld from *proprium*."

Here is one of the clearest proofs of the psychologized state of the Spirits with whom Swedenborg associated, and of the *ideal* life they were living. The *ideal* appearances here spoken of were the objective appearance of their own thoughts, as all Spirits acquire the faculty of giving form to their thought, and of projecting it out, as it were, into space, where it seems to exist and occupy a position due to the object thought of; if the thought be of a home it is seen as such, occupying such a location as would naturally be selected for one here in this sphere. If the thought be of a ship, it will be seen either sailing or at anchor, in accordance with the thought, and so of any other object thought of. Now this was evidently the condition of the Spirits above spoken of. Unable to give any lasting definite form to their God, they had adopted that of the most resplendent object in nature to represent their divinity; probably they were worshipers of the sun while here on earth, and had not yet progressed beyond their preconceived notions of what heretofore constituted their divine. This conclusion is strengthened by the following extract from page 42: "The Lord appears in a divine angelic form [which is the human] to those who acknowledge and believe in a *visible* divine, but not to those who acknowledge and believe in an *invisible* divine, for the former can see their divine, but the latter can not." Swedenborg's lot appears to have been cast with those who could at all times see their divine, but whose thoughts differ very materially as to what that divine should be like. Now, the solution of the problem is this: When man enters the Spirit-world, and his thoughts become objective before his understanding becomes improved, he can not think otherwise than that all the objects thus presented to his view are produced by the *immediate* action of Almighty God.

The devout Christian Spirit, reflecting upon the immediate conception and birth of the Saviour, will see the stable, the oxen, the manger, the angels, Joseph, and Mary, and the child, all as really existing to their ocular view as if they were the objects of every sense, yet every object will be exactly the form of the thought which the Spirit had been entertaining; and had there been fifty of them together, no two would have seen the forms exactly alike, as no two would have entertained exactly the same ideas on the subject.

Their thoughts become not only objective to themselves, but also to others. If a Spirit is describing what he sees to one or more with whom he is in company, they, having no thought of their own upon the subject, become entirely abstracted, so as to entertain no thought whatsoever, except such as come from the one who is speaking; the speaker's thoughts then become theirs, which also become objective, and then the thoughts of the speaker are seen alike by all who are listening to him. The Spirits know that these are only appearances, yet, as in Swedenborg's case, they think that they are produced immediately by the Lord, therefore they desire nothing more than to live and revel in the beauties of their own imaginary creations. Whenever this psychological vail is removed, and they are obliged to look at their real condition, they became sad, not only at the loss of their splendid palaces, their gorgeous furniture, their dinner sets of gold, silver, and precious stones, their retinue of retainers, hirelings, and servants, but they also think that the Lord has withdrawn his favors from them, and they are let back into what Swedenborg calls their *proprium*, that is, into their real natural condition in the Spirit-world.

The following description of one of the courts and palaces in heaven (see "The True Christian Religion," page 495) will illustrate more fully what is said above:

"When they were brought to the palace they first viewed it from without: it was large, built of porphyry, and had a foundation of jasper; and before the gate were six high columns of *lapis lazuli*; the roof was of plates of gold; the windows high, of the most transparent crystal; their frames also of gold. After this they were introduced into the palace, and led round from room to room; and they saw ornaments of ineffable beauty; under the roof, decorations of inimitable sculpture. Near the walls were set tables of silver overlaid with gold, upon which were various utensils made of precious stones and of entire gems, in celestial forms, and many more things which no eye on earth had ever seen. While they were in astonishment at seeing those magnificent things, the angel said: 'Do not wonder; these things which you see were not made and fabricated by any angelic hand, but were built by the Maker of the universe and presented to our prince.' While they were engaged in those things, there came a messenger from the prince, who invited them to eat bread with him; and at the same time two attendants of the court brought garments of fine linen, and said: 'Put on these, because no one is admitted to the table of our prince unless he is clothed in the garments of heaven.' And they prepared themselves, and accompanied their angel, and were introduced into an open gallery, the walk of the palace, and they waited for the prince; and there the angel introduced them to an acquaintance with grandees and moderators, who also were waiting for the prince. And so in about an hour the doors were opened, and through a wider one, on the western side, they saw his entrance in the order and pomp of a procession. Before him went his familiar counselors, after these his privy counselors, and after these the principal officers of the court; in the midst of these was the prince, and after him courtiers of various ranks, and lastly the guards; altogether amounting to hundred and twenty. The angel standing before the ten new-comers, who then appeared, from their dress, as inhabitants of the place, came up to them with the prince, and reverently presented them. And the prince, without stopping in the procession, said to them, 'Come with me to eat bread.' And they followed him into the dining-room, and saw a table magnificently set; in the middle of it a high pyramid of gold with a hundred little dishes in triple order upon its branches, upon which sweet cakes and condiments, with other delicacies made of bread and wine; and through the middle of the pyramid there issued, as it were, a fountain overflowing with nectareous wine, the stream of which, from the summit of the pyramid, dispersed itself and filled the cups. At the sides of this high pyramid were various celestial forms of gold, upon which were dishes and plates filled with food of every kind.

"The celestial forms upon which the dishes and plates were set were of art from wisdom, which can not be produced from any art in the world, nor described by any words. The dishes and plates were of silver, having forms sculptured upon them like their supports; the cups were of transparent gems. Such was the furniture of the table.

"The dress of the prince and his ministers was this: the prince had on a long robe of purple color, spangled with stars of a silver color wrought with a needle. Under the robe he wore a tunic of shining silk of a blue color; this was open about the breast, where was seen the front part of a belt with the ensign of his society. The ensign was an eagle brooding over her young in the top of a tree; this was of shining gold set round with diamonds. The counselors were dressed not very differently, but without the ensign; instead of it they had sculptured sapphires hanging from the neck by a golden chain. The courtiers were dressed in gowns of a brown color, in which were wrought flowers around young eagles; the tunics under them were of silk of an opaline color, as also were their breeches and stockings. Such was their dress.

"The familiar counselors, and the privy counselors, and the moderators, stood around the table, and by order of the prince, they folded their hands together, and at the same time whisped reverent praise to the Lord; after this the prince beckoned to them, and they seated themselves at the table. And the prince said to the ten strangers, 'You, also, sit down with me, there are your seats.' And they sat down. And then the prince said to them, 'Take each of you a plate from the stand, and afterward each a saucer from the pyramid.' And they did so; and lo, instantly new plates and saucers appeared set in the place of them; and their cups were filled with wine from the fountain flowing from the great pyramid; and they began to eat."

The legends of the "Arabian Nights" furnish nothing superior to this; the magnificence and splendor of the vision is not less conspicuous than the religious simplicity of the devotional part of the ceremony, and the high moral tone of the conversation, which is enough of itself to entitle it to our respectful consideration. But the question which more immediately concerns us of the present day is, did Swedenborg, or did he not, see the scenes as above described in the Spirit-world. I, from my own experience, can answer the question

affirmatively. Yet they were only superinduced appearances; they had no real existence, and are entirely foreign to the natural conditions of the Spirit-world.

This thought-seeing, this objective appearance of every *thing* which crosses the mind, can not be realized by any one only from actual experience; the man who has been psychologized has realized the nearest approach to it. My friends in the Spirit-world have given me the following illustration of the condition of the thought-seeing Spirits of that region. I was psychologized by them for the occasion, and then I was introduced into a splendidly constructed marble building, differing in form and architecture from any thing I had ever seen before. The building was nowhere highly ornamented, but built in the most durable and substantial manner. There was not a particle of wood-work about it; it was finished with marble throughout. The inside work was not elaborately finished, but done in a plain, decent manner, as if *use* was the first consideration of the proprietor. The ceiling of the vestibule was at least twenty feet high, and supported by several columns arranged in proper architectural order. From the vestibule was a flight of stairs which led to a gallery by which it was surrounded on three sides; from this gallery, over a flight of six steps, I ascended to the dining-room, which was in the third story; there was a table of extraordinary width running through the length of the room, at which several persons were seated. I immediately took a seat at the table, and casting my eye along the length of the room, thought it was quite too short for a house of such extraordinary dimensions. Instantly the room began to lengthen indefinitely, as I could not clearly discern the entire length in the direction I was looking. Such a movement Swedenborg would say was induced by the Lord to correspond with my affection, as it was not of my will. Had I been the owner of such a psychological mansion I should have willed the extension of that room to some *definite* length; the will would have acted as one with the affection, and lastly the guards; altogether amounting to hundred and twenty. The angel standing before the ten new-comers, who then appeared, from their dress, as inhabitants of the place, came up to them with the prince, and reverently presented them. And the prince, without stopping in the procession, said to them, 'Come with me to eat bread.' And they followed him into the dining-room, and saw a table magnificently set; in the middle of it a high pyramid of gold with a hundred little dishes in triple order upon its branches, upon which were dishes and plates filled with food of every kind.

First, I was psychologized to see a large stately building which occupied no more space than if it had existed only in a dream.

Second, I was further psychologized into the condition of

seeing the first conception of my own mind, in respect to that building, immediately realized as to the outward sight.

Thus it is with all Spirits who are under psychological influence; they at all times see either their own thoughts or the thoughts of others (except when they are in their *proprium*).

Man's entire ignorance of every condition of Spirit-life leads him to commit as many errors in his progress toward spiritual manhood as he does during his brief sojourn here in the rudimentary state. Arriving in the Spirit-world, and finding himself in every respect a man as before, and finding the world he then inhabits not entirely unlike the one he has left, he naturally concludes the road to happiness in both worlds must be in the same direction, but having mistaken the direction here, he is equally unfortunate there; and as wealth and power have been the predominant objects sought for here, they are, by the great masses, as eagerly sought after there. All the wealth which they desire is procured by the psychological means above mentioned, and power is also, in some measure, derived from the same source. The individual who has the most taste, skill, and judgment, combined with a correct ideal, displays the greatest amount of wisdom, and is accordingly looked up to there the same as a similar individual would be here. The individual Spirit, whom Swedenborg has described above, had been able to make himself a prince on account of his superior ability in producing, in very extraordinary degree, all the outward appearances of splendor and magnificence with which such characters surround themselves here. Now all the magnificence of this prince would occasionally disappear whenever the natural condition of his life predominated over the ideal. This Swedenborg calls being let into his *proprium*, of which he says: "When the angels are in the last state, which is when they are in their *proprium*, they begin to become sad, I have spoken with them when they were in that state, and have seen the sadness; but they said that they were in hope soon to return to the *pristine* state, and thus, as it were, again into heaven; for it is heaven for them to be withheld from their *proprium*."

This *proprium*, so much dreaded by all idealizing Spirits, is the only real blessing which reaches them in their ideal existence. It comes like pain to admonish them of error. In the mean time, the sameness of their lives becomes insipid and distasteful, and notwithstanding all the diversity which a fertile and active imagination can possibly invent, this pomp and outward show become less and less attractive, until at last they seek their *proprium* as a relief from themselves; then, and not until then, do they find the true road to happiness. N. SAWYER.

BROOKLYN, July 25, 1854.

DR. ORTON'S LECTURE.

The subject of the evening's lecture, delivered by Dr. J. R. Orton, at Dodworth's Academy, July 9, was, The Failures of the Past, and the Prospective Successes of the Future of the Race. The speaker said:

The pains, sicknesses, and innumerable woes of a world, filled with contention, war, and crime, sufficiently indicate the present and past condition of our race. Science has failed to reform this state of things—the heathen and Christian churches have failed, and why? The reason obviously is, that they have too much lost sight of the spiritual nature of man; that they have labored in externals and for externals; that they have been satisfied with forms without substance; and have hid themselves from that Divine light and warmth by which alone it is possible to achieve success. The speaker illustrated his position by referring to a series of spiritual views, which on a certain occasion had been presented before him, in which a figure representing science, another a geologist knocking among stones, another an astronomer examining the stars, another a minister preaching from his pulpit, etc., passed in succession before him. The Divine light, represented by a bright sun surrounded by glorious haloes, was blazing in the heavens, but all these figures had turned their backs upon it, and were laboring in the light of *external* truth merely, which, alone, is darkness.

The Christian Church, as well as the others, has failed from this same cause. It has accomplished much, but not what was expected of it. It has occupied itself with forms, and creeds, and dogmas; and wars over them among its sects, in disregard of the Divine light and power. Ministers and church-members

read the Bible by the light of their own creeds—by the light of the traditions of the past—instead of the Divine light. They read the words, but get nothing but the authorized sense. The *New York Evangelist* of a week or two ago copied into its columns Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "We are Seven." The editor, in his introductory remarks, is at the trouble to inform us, that the souls of departed children, though cut off from all possibility of further intercourse with us in this life, it may be, are in a conscious state of existence. What! is this the theology of the Christian Church in our day? and are they ready to admit the possibility that the souls of children live after death? So far, then, it is a spiritual church; but as to any communication between the living and the departed, that is pronounced an impossibility. They read how Moses and Elias came down and talked with the Lord, but it conveys no meaning to their minds, full of the contrary idea. They read of the angels' rolling away the stone from the sepulcher, and talking with those who were early at the tomb; of John at Patmos talking with the Spirit of one of the old prophets; of Moses, Abraham, Lot, and others, for a period of four thousand years, over which the Bible record extends, enjoying intercourse with spirits and angels; and though the Scriptures promise that the day of marvels shall continue, and come into even a greater fullness, the churches have decided to the contrary, and their decree is accepted as final.

Our ministers are in bonds. They have no freedom. They can not think, they dare not think. A step outside of their particular creeds brings them before the council, where they are forced to retract, or are cast out. The Rev. Dr. Barnes, a few years since, brought out some opinions in his commentaries, which were judged not exactly to tally with the doctrines of his church; but means were very shortly found to induce him to expunge them from his book. The Church, since its first age, has made no earnest effort to apply the vital principles of the gospel. A fair, righteous carrying out of the commands, to love God with the whole heart, and thy neighbor as thyself; do unto others as you would that they should do unto us; let him who has two coats give to him who has none, would not only require us to supply all our poor neighbors with coats, but also to relieve all their necessities, so long as we are a dollar better off than they are. An honest application of these principles would cut avarice up by the roots, banish want from the world, and make of the race one family, one brotherhood. Where shall we go to find faith in our day? Who so much as expects an answer to prayer? Who expects that the signs promised should follow believing, or even asks that they may follow? Certainly the churches do not; and the speaker said he did them no injustice when he affirmed that it would be a great relief to them could the passages to which he had thus incidentally alluded be stricken from the Bible.

The churches are equally unfortunate in their theology. The God of the pulpit is a hard, arbitrary, partial master, whom nobody can love. Not one in a hundred of the inhabitants who have peopled this earth ever heard of the Saviour, and still a belief in him is made necessary to salvation, while the day of choice, or probation, is restricted to this life. Such was not the doctrine of the Primitive Church with respect to probation. Such is not the teaching of the Bible, notwithstanding some obscurity thrown over this point by an unfortunate translation. That God should ever hedge in any of his creatures, so as to obstruct the way of life, either here or hereafter—that he should ever cease to throw good influences around them, and invite them to become better—is abhorrent to the best feelings of our nature. The early Christians believed in a heaven and hell, and a middle region, or world of Spirits, without quality, which was neither heaven nor hell. In the nature of things there must be such a place. The infant, the good heathen, if saved by belief, by faith, must stop somewhere short of heaven in order to be instructed. This middle region is the quarter which the Catholics have perverted into a purgatory, which is the counterfeit and deformed shadow of the reality. When our translations of the Scriptures were made, this region was found in such deep disgrace, that it was ostracized, and the words referring to it were rendered indiscriminately hell and the grave, as would best comport with the supposed sense. But the point is settled by Christ himself, in his promise to meet the thief that same day in paradise; and his subsequent announcement after his resurrection, that he had not yet ascended to his Father. This middle region is here called paradise.

Again, the churches say, he that is not for me is against me, and thus cast off the whole race, at the start, on the side of evil, forgetting that Christ also says, he that is not against me is for me. Nothing can be more evident than that a man is as his loves. If his loves are pure, though he never heard of Christ, no place can be found for such a man in hell. His heart is right, and he only needs to have his ignorance instructed to fit him for heaven. Only those wedded to evil, whose loves are evil, are fitted for hell; and hence the dividing line indicated by the saying of Christ, he that is not against me is the correct one, instead of the line laid down by the churches.

But if the theology of the day is hard and unsatisfactory, how lean is the spiritualism, how shadowy and intangible the heaven, which it holds up for our future acceptance! Indeed, on this point, with the churches, all is a confused chaos. It is not very unusual to hear a member inquire of another, if he supposes we shall know each other in another world. But the question is not so strange when we consider that the general impression and teaching of the theology of the day is, that there is no eating nor drinking, walking nor working, sleeping nor breathing, in the spirit-realms. Of course, if we are to do none of these things, we shall not need the organization necessary to enable us to perform them; and so farewell to hands and feet, mouth, stomach, and lungs, together with the continent which sustains them in their places. In such an event it might be quite difficult for us to recognize one another.

Scientific external theology, and not the Bible, is responsible for those absurdities, which make the future all unreal—existence beyond the grave less than a shadow—and drive thousands of truth-loving minds annually into infidelity. The Bible and the light within us alike promise us a substantial future existence as men and women. Had Adam not sinned, he would not have died, but would have lived on as a man—ultimately an angel-man, as he ascended from sphere to sphere. Enoch and Elijah went up bodily as men. Christ ascended with a substantial body as a man. The Scriptures have taken special pains to inform us something of the nature and capacities of our future bodies and modes of life. We are told that our bodies are to be like Christ's body. His body, while it could pass through physical substances and be made independent of gravitation, was at the same time substantial; and he took pains to eat before his disciples, thus teaching them that their organs were still for use. The angels who came down to see Abraham and Lot, also ate with them. But the churches declare such things impossible. Indeed, they wage a severe war upon these portions of the Bible. To which shall we adhere, the churches, or the Word? Which shall we believe, Christ, or the priests?

But how is the world to be reformed, and get rid of its falsities and evils? The very soul of religion, of Christianity, is love. The man who is ignorant of Christ, but has a love like Christ's in his heart, and does the works of Christ with his fingers, is in a ten-fold better condition than he who has ever so ardent a belief in Christ in his head, and there alone. This love comes from God. We must turn our faces toward him, and receive it freely into our hearts, and suffer it to work out thence into our external lives—to soften and correct our feelings, our thoughts, and our actions. God will never force it upon us: we must face the celestial sun in order to receive its beams. But there are some who can find no God but Nature—no power superior to Nature's laws. What is a law? Of what force is a mere statute, without a hand behind it to execute it? That hand is God's. We ourselves are like God—made in his image. At the impulsion of the soul within, the secret forces of nature, obedient and set in motion by the will, travel from the brain along the nerves, and move the hands and feet. These forces are positive currents. By such forces, fitted to the action of mind, God moves his worlds; and by such forces angels and spirits work. The divine, the angelic, and the human modes of action are thus correspondencies of each other, each on its separate plane. We also convey our kindness and love to one another by the passage of positive currents; and the longer we sit within the sunshine of the countenance of a loving friend, the calmer and purer

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1854.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 28, 1854.

DEAR READERS:

we become. God is the universal friend. We are all his children, and the more we look up into his face, the better and nobler we become. The whole creation emanated from him, is bound to him, and momentally sustained by positive life-giving currents from him; without which there could be no life. By these divine effluxes, have our spirits, our bodies, and the earth itself to be regenerated. It is the privilege of all to receive life directly from the Source of life; but he who can get no higher than angels, or spirits, or nature, will receive but indirectly, and in diminished streams. Who believes if the race were pure that we should longer be perplexed with contagious miasms, tempests, undue heats and colds, ravenous beasts, and poisonous reptiles? The earth is man's heritage—it is bound to him, and shares his fortunes. It takes the quality of its life, its circulations, from him; and as men come up, it will come up with him. Both will be regenerated together. In our latter day, our race are beginning to turn more toward the spiritual sun; are discovering that they are Spirits, and have need of spiritual food; are opening their interiors for the reception of the Divine light and love; and the effluxes come down in increased volume and power. Great confusion is occasioned at the first, by the commingling of unusual elements. But when the waves subside, and the mists are dispersed, then may we expect to witness in all its glory the brightness of the second coming—when man and nature shall again come in harmony with each other, and both with God.

SNAKE FASCINATION.

Numerous authentic testimonies might be collected, establishing the fact, that snakes have a power of fascination over birds, squirrels, and other small animals, and also, sometimes over human beings. The instances of serpent fascination which have come to our knowledge would also seem to indicate an intimate magnetic rapport and sympathy between the reptile and the creature subjected to his mysterious power. Take, for example, a case which was published in the *New York Sun*, of April 6th, 1843. It is to the effect, that some years previously, while a Mr. A. W. was traveling in Mississippi, he saw a large rattlesnake by the roadside. He dismounted his horse, provided himself with a stick, and struck the snake so as to disable it, when at that same instant he heard a fluttering in the bushes a few feet distant, and to his astonishment saw a partridge apparently under the fascinating influence of the snake. He continued his demonstrations upon the reptile, and every blow he struck seemed to tell with equal effect upon the partridge; and when the snake was dead, the partridge was found to be dead also!

Two brothers, in whose neighborhood the writer resided when a boy, were one day in the field at work, when one observed the other who was a little distance off, apparently spell-bound, with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon a certain spot near which he was moving to and fro in a semicircle. His brother called to him, but he was speechless, and when the brother went to the spot, he saw a huge black snake with head erect and eyes sparkling, and fixed upon the man who was fully under his fascinating influence. The brother instantly seized him by the arm and drew him from the spot, and the charm was as instantly broken. The man who had been fascinated, however, immediately became sick, and continued so for several hours afterward.

But one of the most interesting, and at the same time terrible illustrations of this fascinating power of serpents of which we have ever heard, is the following, which we clip from the *St. Louis Herald* of July 12. Two almost precisely parallel cases were related to us many years ago, in each of which the subject was a child, whose life also was sympathetically, though not so immediately, destroyed by the destruction of the snake; but the details of these cases we omit for the present. The *St. Louis Herald* says:

We have occasionally read accounts of persons having been fascinated or spell-bound by snakes, but never knew of an instance occurring in our vicinity until a day or two since, and one that we know to be a fact. A man by the name of O'Mara had a small child, a little girl about thirteen years of age, who came to her death through the influence of a snake, one day last week, under the following circumstances: O'Mara resides on Copperas Creek, in Franklin County, and but a short distance from the Pacific Railroad depot. Some nine months ago, early last fall, his family noticed the little girl to be pining away, and becoming very weak and pale, although she had been very fleshly and hearty, and apparently without any cause or complaint of sickness. By the time winter had fairly set in, she was wasted away to a mere skeleton, but as soon as the weather became cold she again seemed to revive. She never complained of being unwell, and in reply to all their inquiries in regard to her health, she invariably said she felt very well, only a little weak. As soon as spring arrived, she could not be prevailed upon to eat any viands in her father's house, but would take a piece of bread and butter, or a piece of meat, and go out to the edge of the creek to eat it. The family noticed her regularly, always going precisely to the same place, and invariably complaining of being hungry after her return, when, if more viands were given her, she would again return to the creek, as they thought, to eat.

Finally, some of the neighbors, having heard of the circumstances of the child's extraordinary conduct, and also of her wasted appearance, suggested to her father to watch her movements, which he did last Friday. The child had been sitting on the bank of the creek nearly all the forenoon, until near dinner-time, when she got up and went to her father's house, for a piece of bread and butter, and again returned to the place where she had been. Her father kept behind her without making any noise. As soon as the child was seated, the father saw a huge black snake slowly raise its head into her lap, and receive the bread and butter from her hand; and when she would attempt to take a bite of the bread, the snake would commence hissing, and become apparently very angry, when the child, trembling like a leaf, would promptly return the bread to the monster. The father was completely paralyzed, not being able to move hand or foot; entertaining, as most Irish persons do, a great dread for snakes, he felt alarmed for the safety of his child, not knowing the nature of the snake or the extent of the influence on his child. His blood became almost clogged in his veins, and he groaned in perfect agony, which caused the snake to become alarmed, and glide away into the creek. The child then immediately sprang to her feet and ran home, apparently much frightened. Her father followed her, but she refused to answer any questions, and he then resolved to detain his child at home, but was advised to permit her to go again next day to the creek, and to follow her and kill the snake. Next morning she took a piece of bread again, and went out to the creek; her father followed her with his gun in his hand, and as soon as the snake made its appearance shot it through the head. The child swooned; the snake squirmed and worked itself around while, and then died; the child in the mean time recovered from her swoon, but was immediately seized with spasms, acting in a manner exactly resembling the writhing of the snake, and finally died at the same moment the snake did, apparently in the greatest agony.

This horrible, and at the same time melancholy occurrence, is the first we have heard of for a long time, and in fact the first we ever knew of where we could positively vouch for its truthful correctness. We know that there are persons who doubt the reality of snake fascination, but if they entertain any doubts on this subject hereafter, the relatives of this unfortunate little girl can be found, ready and willing to corroborate our statement. This should serve as a warning to those parents who reside in the country to be more careful in watching their children.

This darkening and restrictive policy they have sought to justify on a variety of pleas, which seem to us utterly nugatory. Some have alleged that the so-called Spiritualism is a wicked imposture originated by designing persons for the sake of

notoriety or gain, and this they have offered as a reason for keeping aloof from it. But if it is an imposture, who are so well qualified, and who are under more pressing obligations, to lay bare the whole anatomy of the fraud, and thus relieve the world of it for ever? Others, again, have said that it is an insane delusion; but if so, then who are so well qualified as these physicians of the soul (if they indeed be such) to analyze the facts on which it rests, and diffuse a healthful reality respecting them? It is said by still others, that the so-called Spiritualism is all of the devil; but if so, then certainly, instead of skulking from the field of conflict, they are the very ones to meet face to face, and draw the sword of the spirit upon the old arch enemy, and drive him back howling to his own legitimate territory. The great Master gave his disciples power over unclean spirits, commanding them to exercise it in the deliverance of those who were infested by them; and so long as the early ministers of the gospel were faithful to their office and principles, their triumph was sure in every conflict with the interior powers of evil. Wherever there was error to overcome, or satans to discomfit, there the primitive ministers of the gospel recognized their legitimate field of labor, and there they marched up manfully to their work, grappling with and prostrating the foes of their heaven-born system of doctrine and ethics; and allow us to say kindly, yet in all frankness, clergymen, that if you had not sadly degenerated from your ancestors in the ministerial family, you would have the power and the willingness to do the same thing now; and if modern Spiritualism is all of the devil, as you suppose it to be, it would very soon be rendered harmless through your agency, if it would not be banished from the earth.

But permit us to remind you, that in the absence of a candid investigation you have no right to say this thing is of the devil, or at least that it is all of the devil, any more than the ancient Jews had the authority, from their own prejudices, to attribute the miracles of Christ to Beelzebub. Nor have you the right to pronounce the thing a humbug, or an insane delusion, until you know more of its facts and philosophy than ninety-nine hundredths of you now do. The people claim of you an honest and thorough investigation of this subject; they want you to dissect it, and analyze it, and view it from all points and in all its bearings, and then tell them frankly and honestly just what it is, and what it is not—what good and what evil—what truth and what falsity—are in it; and depend upon it, if you do not yield to them this justly demanded service, they will take the matter into their own hands, and dispense with your services, to dissect it, and analyze it, and view it from all points and in all its bearings, and then tell them frankly and honestly just what it is, and what it is not—what good and what evil—what truth and what falsity—are in it; and depend upon it, if you do not yield to them this justly demanded service, they will take the matter into their own hands, and dispense with your services, to dissect it, and analyze it, and view it from all points and in all its bearings, and then tell them frankly and honestly just what it is, and what it is not—what good and what evil—what truth and what falsity—are in it; 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Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

EDINBURGH, July 5, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTON:

It has been some time since I wrote you last; but, according to the conditions of my correspondence, I have the privilege of interrupting it at will. Long silence is best when there is nothing at hand of immediate interest. Your journal has a particular cause to advocate, a particular object in view, and whenever any thing presents itself that furnishes a theme in your line, or may add to the facts of spiritual manifestations, I will not forget you.

In the July number of the *Scottish Review* I find an article headed "Epidemic Delusions," which it seems proper to notice, not because it contains any weighty argument against Spiritualism, but because it is an index to a large portion of the public mind, and shows in what manner the so-called learned and philosophic attempt to dispose of questions whose import they do not comprehend, and to account for phenomena which they can not wholly ignore.

After a preliminary flourish of trumpet on the key-note of Epidemic Pestilences, which proves that there is something wrong in the sanitary condition of the population in whose midst they appear, the author of the leading article in the *Scottish Review* sagely declares that there are also epidemic disorders of the mind as well as of the body, which indicate something wrong in the mental and moral condition of the community wherein they appear. Cholera comes from the pestilential marshes of humanity in India; Spirit-rappings come from the whirlpools of society in the busy Western Republic. Without particular notice of his silly sneer at the civilization of the West, we will carry out his comparison a little farther than he would doubtless like himself. You say rightly that epidemics of body come from the impure food that we eat and the foul air that we breathe. When the soul's food has become putrescent, and the moral atmosphere in which it moves, lives, and has its being has become fetid with all sorts of foul vapors, then most surely we may expect epidemics of mind. Admitting for an instant that Spiritualism is one of these epidemics, may we not suspect that certain highly watered milk for the new-born into a multiplicity of kingdoms of priestcraft-milk, too, that has been growing more and more sour for some centuries past—that the strong meat of a spurious theology dealt in by an innumerable company, tucked out in Hebrew old-clothes, as putrescent in soul as the moral papulum, a thousand years old, in which they deal—may we not suspect that such food dealt out to a large portion of Christendom, has something to do with the spiritual cholera that afflicts the earth? We do not mean to say any thing against true religion, against belief in God, Christ, redemption, freedom, immortality. As intensely as we hate all creed-making, and every species of irrational theologizing, just so intensely do we love a holy trust and the beneficent deeds that spring from a soul quickened by the spirit that burned in the breast of the Redeemer.

The reviewer quotes largely from the work of Prof. Hecker, entitled "Epidemics in the Middle Ages," translated from the German by B. G. Babington. There is a glowing description of the Dancing Mania that first manifested itself at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1374. "They formed circles hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together in wild delirium, until length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. While dancing they neither saw nor heard; being insensible to impressions through the external senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up Spirits whose names they squeaked out." Even St. Vitus' dance is pressed into the service, and a quotation made from a celebrated physician of the sixteenth century: "The St. Vitus' dance attacked people of all stations, especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors; but even the most robust peasants abandoned their labors in the field, as if they were possessed by evil Spirits; and thus those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately, from time to time, at certain appointed places, and, unless prevented by lookers-on, continuing to dance without intermission until their very last breath was expended." The witchcraft of puritanical Scotland is pressed into the service, and from a dark vault in the crumbling temple of superstition is dug up the bones of the three men and four women who were burned at Paisley, June 10, 1697. Then away goes the reviewer, drawing all the time of Prof. Hecker, to enthusiastic Italy, and calls into court against Spiritualism the ghosts of St. Tarantati, who cured the bite of the tarantula by dancing in a frenzied manner. "However tortured with pain, however hopeless of relief the patients appeared as they lay stretched on the couch of sickness, at the very first sounds of those melodies that made an impression on them—but this was the case only with the Tarantellas composed expressly for the purpose—they sprang up as if inspired with new life and spirit, and, uninfluenced of their disorder, began to move in measured gestures, dancing for hours together without fatigue, until, covered with a kindly perspiration, they felt a salutary degree of lassitude, which relieved them, for a time at least, perhaps for even a whole year, from their digestion and oppressive feeling of general indisposition." It is said (*unrable dictu*!) that such things even take place at the present time in Abyssinia. To complete the formidable array of noted witnesses against Spiritualism, and to make confirmation doubly strong, Dr. Babington, the translator of Prof. Hecker, is placed upon the stand, and deposes that disorders resembling those described "may make their appearance among people who have had all the advantages of an enlightened education and every opportunity of enlarging their minds by a free intercourse with enlightened society."

Now, then, for a general exploding of "spiritual manifestations," a total scattering of the host of "mediums," and a complete upsetting of the "tables."

"What," inquires the reviewer, "in the first place, are the phenomena of this epidemic?" His answer to his own question shows an ignorance of the subject in hand highly culpable in one who undertakes the task of refuter. His ignorance would not be credited by a single reader of the *Telegraph* if his answer were not given in his own words. "A convenient table being at hand, a number of persons (varying according to the size of the article) seat themselves at it, and place their hands upon its surface. In some instances the additional formality is imposed of forming a continuous circuit by mutual contact of each individual's own thumbs and by the contact of his little fingers with those of his neighbors on either side. The party remains for a considerable time in anxious expectation of a result; the attention of every one is closely fixed on the table, and a sense of muscular tension, increasing so as to render it difficult to prevent the hands from moving, is experienced by such of the performers as are not so far absorbed in the contemplation of the table as to be able to attend to their own feelings. Soon a slight shifting motion is perceived in the table, preceded, perhaps, by a tremulous agitation, which a careful scrutiny will trace to the spasmodic jerkings of one of the arms that rest upon it; the motion is repeated and prolonged, and after a pause, perhaps, the table is brought into continuous movement, and the performers, still keeping their hands upon it, first walk, and then run, round and round, declaring that they must do so in order to keep up with the accelerated movement of the table. This we have repeatedly witnessed, and we have no doubt whatever of the genuineness of the phenomenon, that is, of the motion of the table without any conscious or voluntary exertion of force on the part of the individuals whose hands were in contact with it."

Such is the only conception that our reviewer has of the phenomena, and he gravely tells us that the "true source of the movement lies in that unconscious and involuntary exertion of muscular force of which the psychologist can produce a multitude of parallel examples." Dr. Carpenter, author of "Principles of Human Physiology," Prof. Faraday, and Mr. Braud, author of a work entitled, "The Power of the Mind over the Body," are then called upon to furnish such parallel cases.

The whole sum and substance, then, of the pretentious leader of the *Scottish Review* may be stated as follows: *Reasoning from a doubtful analogy, we come to the conclusion that several persons may move a table rapidly by an unconscious and involuntary exertion of muscular force.*

To say nothing of the *prima facie* improbability of several intelligent, and even skeptical, persons becoming simultaneously deceived as to whether they are or are not moving a table, and not to call in question the very doubtful analogy on which the reviewer's argument rests, if we concede to him the conclusion at which he arrives, it will easily be seen that the main question has not been touched. He reduces the whole phenomena to the moving of a table while the hands of several persons are upon it. Now it is known to thousands that tables move when they are not touched by mortal hands; that bodies are lifted and hurled with superhuman force; that responses to questions are given by audible sounds upon untouched tables, upon distant walls, and in the air; that sweet music is made upon instruments far beyond the

reach of human fingers; these and many other phenomena are proved by a cloud of unimpeached and unimpeachable witnesses. Our reviewer, who is either a simpleton or a knave, or is ignorant of all these established facts, and tears to pieces his own man of straw with a great display of pious passion and a most noble appeal to conservative prejudice and materialistic stupidity.

The celebrated apparatus of Prof. Faraday is open to the same serious objection. The article of our reviewer seems, in part, to have been ground out by Faraday's anti-table-moving machine. To show your readers how extremely simple a tolerably good writer and a really learned saxon may be when they attempt to tickle the long ear of prejudice instead of seeking the pure truth, I will quote the reviewer's description of Prof. Faraday's machine. "Take a couple of pieces of smooth wooden board, or thick pasteboard, of a convenient size for the hands to rest upon, and, place between them a couple of small rollers of any kind, such as lead-pencils, glass tubes, or brass rods, so that when the lower board is placed upon the table the upper one shall be free to roll from side to side upon it. Its lateral movements are to be partially confined, however, by a couple of stout rings of vulcanized India-rubber passed round the front and back of the pair of boards; and a lever-index is to be set upon a fulcrum-pin, fastened to the edge of the lower board, that its short end being put in motion, by another pin fixed near the edge of the upper board, its long end shall traverse an arc several times as great. In this manner the slightest possible movement of the upper board from one side to the other is rendered obvious by the motion of the index in the opposite direction; and it has been found by experiments over and over again, among table-turners of all degrees and kinds of belief—some advocating the 'spiritual' and some the 'diabolical' hypothesis, others maintaining that the rotation was electrical, others attributing it to a mysterious 'od-force'—that the table could never be moved by individuals whose hands were made to rest upon these indicators without such deflection of the index as gave evidence of the exertion of lateral pressure to a degree sufficient to produce the effect; while, on the other hand, if the performers themselves watched the index, and thus constantly kept in check the slightest tendency of their hands to make lateral pressure, the table never moved." Consequently, table-moving being predicated as the only phenomenon to be accounted for, the whole thing is blown to air. But, most unfortunately, tables move without being touched at all, though whether a table moves when one of the redoubtable Professor's exorcising machines is upon it we have never yet been informed. I wonder if said machine had been placed in the mouth of Baalnam, the lever-index thereof resting against the old Hebrew's tongue, whether there would have been any "evidence of the exertion of lateral pressure to a degree sufficient to make Baalnam's ass speak."

Bro. Beecher, and Pope Pius, and some others, who have less faith in machines, who have been unable to meet the difficulty in any human way, have had recourse to the devil; but, like Faust, they find it easier to raise him than to lay him. His satanic majesty has not lost his craft, and is very glad to lead any volunteer troops of the Lord who are not sharp-sighted enough to detect his old limp. The devil hates any benign spiritual communications to the human race, and willingly leads any blinded company of opposers. There is certainly better employment in our time for his *Iliness* and Bro. Beecher than serving as corporals under Captain Diabolos in an allied Papal and Protestant crusade against the Spirits in which both churches profess a belief.

The editor of the *London Leader* sticks to his doctrine of materialism, faces the music like a man, and denying the evidences of his own senses, with a most superstitious faith in optical delusions, swears that the phenomena are all moonshine, thus clearing up the whole difficulty with us unmeasured clearness. There is no method so perfectly lucid as that of flatly denying every question that is likely to give us any trouble in the solution. Upon the grounds of denying the evidence of the senses, the editor of the *Leader* has no right to affirm that the bone he picks for supper is not the identical hind leg of an ass that has been so many times carried away as a precious relic from Rome.

But this letter is growing long, and many things that I have in mind to say must be left until my next.

Yours truly, VIATOR.

STRANGE AND POWERFUL DEMONSTRATIONS.

MANSION HOUSE, YONKERS, July 10, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir—Will you allow me to convey the following facts, being a few only in my experience in investigating the spiritual phenomena, to the public, through the columns of your invaluable paper?

During a recent sitting at a private circle in your city, consisting of four persons besides myself, the following demonstrations occurred. In about five minutes after the circle was formed, I began to feel distinct touches from some object resembling a human hand; these touches were first felt on the knee, then on the arm, and at last on the forehead. It was sufficiently light in the room to enable me to discern the movements of those who composed the circle, and I know as positively as I know that I am penning you this article, that I was touched by no mortal hand in the room.

After I had felt a hand laid on my forehead five or six times, I suddenly reached forth to see if I could clutch it. I caught hold of an object resembling the wrist of a person. As soon as I had fairly clasped it, I was drawn from my chair across the room, for eight or ten feet. Meanwhile I was holding on with all my strength, and the object which I held on to was making much effort apparently, by wringing or twisting the arm and hand, to release itself from my persistent grasp. Take hold of the wrist of a lad several years of age, who is at the same time very anxious to go and join his playmates on the greensward, and request him to remain with you while he is so desirous of going, and the efforts which he will make under these circumstances to release himself, are similar to those made by the invisible, but to me perfectly tangible, object, to break my hold upon it. When it touched my forehead, I distinctly feel the fingers, and even the very nails upon them. Old men and women were seated here and there in small groups, discoursing of things past, present, and to come; while flying high among the tall trees were sylph-like forms in swings, propelled by some strong teeter arm. And in the fields near by, seen through the opening wood, little children were playing in the tall grass and plucking wild flowers—the buttercup and the honeysuckle; and to complete the whole scene or picture, several circles were formed in the house in the grove, and quite a number were seeking intelligence from the bright beings of other spheres who had come on the wings of love to join the happy band of earth's children who had gathered together for the soul's highest, holiest aim—HAPPINESS.

One o'clock soon came, and with it dinner, which was soon over, and the majority of the party assembled around the "speaker's stand" to listen to those who should feel inclined to give vent to the thoughts which burn and the words which choke for utterance. The first speaker was a Mrs. Thomas, of Ohio, a "speaking medium," who talked something about wisdom, which was so much above or below my comprehension that I did not make much out of it, and therefore can not be expected to say much about it.

The second speaker was J. S. Loveland, who at present presides over the Charleston Society as a speaker. Mr. L. was formerly a Methodist Episcopal clergyman of good standing, but having had his eyes opened to the glorious truths of modern Spiritualism, he at once buckled on his armor and came out boldly into the great battle-field of progress to fight the hosts of old theology, and has thus far proved himself a brave and useful soldier in the good cause. Brother Loveland spoke in his usual happy and acceptable manner, and concluded by calling upon Dr. W. R. Hayden to take the stand; but the latter gentleman declined to come forward at the time, giving as reason that he had nothing to say and no words to say it. Whereupon Mr. Hudson, a Unitarian clergyman of Chelsea, was next called, and came promptly forward. Mr. H. said that he would not say that he had nothing to say, for he had, and went on to say it in a very acceptable and sensible way. He spoke of what had been done and what must be done; he referred to the faulty and bad education of a large portion of the people, and as an illustration of the fact, alluded to the profanity which he had heard from some young men on the grounds that morning. But as we took no particular notes of the language of the different speakers we will not try to repeat what they did say at any length from memory, lest we do them injustice. We did not go to labor, but to enjoy ourselves like the rest, as best we could.

Mr. Uriah Clark (Rev.) was the next to take the rostrum, and it was at once evident from his peculiar manner that he was laboring under a load of witty things which it seemed actually necessary that he should unbend himself for his own personal safety and for the good of the digestive organs of others present, who seemed to relish the anecdotes of the Horticulturist.

Original Communications.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

"She's dead," they said, and left me thus
With nothing but her urn—
"That she had gone to that dread bourne
From whence none e'er return."

I wept o'er this, and sorrowed much,
Till life was ebbing fast,
For on my heart lay dark despair,
And memory of the past.

The past! oh, bright and happy past,
That bound two hearts in one!
And could two hearts thus firmly bound
Asunder e'er be torn?

No, no! for nature ne'er could thus
It opening buds destroy;
'Tis she that can cause a tear,
Or aught but purest joy.

My breast and mind on the dark waves
Of passion long were tossed;
They had no compass then, and on
Dark seas were nearly lost.

At length shone forth a beacon light,
And reason gave me fire,
To kindle in my soul a strength
To mount forever higher.

I lit my lamp at Nature's shrine—
Became her simple child—
Nursed with no niggard hand, soon grew
From wildest passion, mild;

And still grew on—o'erleaped the grave,
And in the light of truth
Found her I loved—my beauteous bride,
Twin-hearted of my youth.

This glorious truth full well I've learned—
And so all Nature saith—
'Tis deep as the foundation of
The soul: there is no death!

ALBANY, JUNE, 1854.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BOSTON, July 12, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTON:

Regretting that you have no regular correspondent in this city to report the doings and sayings of the friends of the good cause here, I take the liberty to send you a brief account of matters and things in general, and some things in particular.

Yesterday was indeed a glorious day, and one long to be remembered with pleasure as a happy one to the little band of *progressives*, or Spiritualists, who left this city for "a day in the country," or, more commonly, phrasology, a picnic amid the green hills and lovely vales, the sweet-scented flowers, the tall, majestic trees, waving to and fro in the summer's balmy breeze, near a "wide-spreading pond," there to worship in the temple of Nature—the only true temple of God "not made with hands."

We were "all aboard" and started from the station of the Boston and Worcester Railroad at half-past nine o'clock a.m., numbering in all a little more than four hundred and fifty strong, for Harmony Grove, South Framingham, where we arrived safely after an hour and a half's pleasant ride through the beautiful towns and sweet villages that border and fringe the good old "city of the three hills." The morning was quite cool at the time of starting. No cloud marred the azure blue of heaven's broad canopy. Oh, it was indeed a cheering sight to see so many free sons gathered together in sympathy and love one to another. There were no long, sanctified, and hypocritical faces there, for they were transparent (so to speak) mirrors reflecting the light and joy within, whose soft and tranquil rays shed a radiance of harmony upon each other.

On alighting from the cars we found about a hundred persons from the neighboring towns awaiting our arrival to participate in the festivities of the day. Brother J. S. Loveland (Rev.), of Charlestown, called the people together for a few moments to set forth the proposed order of exercises for the day. The first thing to be done, he said, was for each and every one to have the very best time they possibly could; either to sing, dance, sail on the lake, walk in the woods and fields, swing, or any thing else that might seem good to them, until after dinner, when he trusted there would be "a feast of reason and a flow of the soul" from different speakers present. To this proposition they all seemed to agree most heartily, and there was at once a general scampering for different parts of the grounds. A grand rush of young gentlemen and ladies was made for the dancing floor, where to the enlivening strains of dulcet music they whirled and floated in the eddies and intoxicating whirlpools of the exhilarating amusement. Throbbing hearts and sparkling eyes lent a new life to the dances beneath the deep blue skies. Others made for the fairy boats, which, arrow-like, shot out over the rippling wave of the glassy lake to the quick tune of the dripping oars, which glittered in the sunbeams like shining bars of silver, throwing off at every rise and fall liquid diamonds into the transparent bosom from whence they came. Others, again, sought the "deep-tangled wild-wood" for a walk in its cool and shady retreats. Here and there might be seen two loving hearts, all absorbed in each other, seeking for some sylvan bower, there to pour out from the gushing fount of love the pent-up emotions of youthful affection. Old men and women were seated here and there in small groups, discoursing of things past, present, and to come; while flying high among the tall trees were sylph-like forms in swings, propelled by some strong teeter arm. And in the fields near by, seen through the opening wood, little children were playing in the tall grass and plucking wild flowers—the buttercup and the honeysuckle; and to complete the whole scene or picture, several circles were formed in the house in the grove, and quite a number were seeking intelligence from the bright beings of other spheres who had come on the wings of love to join the happy band of earth's children who had gathered together for the soul's highest, holiest aim—HAPPINESS.

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PLANTING FOR POSTERITY.—"There," said a gentleman to us one day, pointing to a group of evergreens and other trees, "my brother is about to build him a house; those trees were planted for him by my father upward of twenty years ago." How fortunate this man to have such a father! Here he builds his house among these fine trees, and enters at once upon their enjoyment. He gains twenty-five years of time, and not only that, the plantation has a ten-fold value in its history and associations. It is a family monument. A beautiful example this for fathers. Such an inheritance has a moral as well as material value.

Yours truly, INVESTIGATOR.

The facts communicated by our correspondent are surprising, truly, and to many they will doubtless seem incredible; but we have the name of our friend as a sufficient voucher to the incredulous.

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